The Forestallers in the Dumps.

Tune—The Roast Beef of old England.

COME neighbours attend now and listen awhile,
I'll sing you a song concerning the times
Since some rogues are found out who long did us beguile,

Success to Lord Kenyon for ever,
Coomb and Kenyon for ever huzza,

The fourth of July Mr. Rushy that day,
The honest cornfactor was found guilty they say,
For regreating and selling both on one day

In the high price of bread mutton and beef.
I hope now shortly shall find some relief,
Shure the rogues are found out who long did us deceive.

Cornfactors and graziers and carcase butchers too
Now all are in the dumps and cry what shall we do;
Since justices our rogery does so closely pursne,

Thete's the good honest baker cries pity my case,
Now the stern eye of justice stares me in the face,
In making short weight he has had a long race.

There's Slushtub well known who lives at is ease
Who contracts from daires of butter and cheese,
Now for grinding the poor the gout does him teaze,

There's a rough set of rogues my memory now jogs,
I mean the foresallers of becon hogs,
But I hope that Jack Ketch will not long want a job.

In this great point of justice I hope every Mayor,
In regulating the markets will take equal share,
Then provisions would fall and not be so dear.

So now to conclude and to finish friend Tom,
I hope these sad times will mend ere 'tis long,
The poor may be happy and join with my song.
O the roast beef &c.

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